# THE DISPENSARY; A POEM.

LONDON,
Printed, and Sold by *John Nutt*, near *Stationers-Hall*. 1699.

BODLEIANA BIBLIOTHECA

# The Diſpenſary.

SPeak, Goddeſs! ſince 'tis Thou that beſt canſt tell
How ancient Leagues to modern Diſcord fell;
Whence 'twas, Phyſicians were ſo frugal grown
Of others Lives, and laviſh of their own;
How by a Journey to th' *Elyſian* Plain
Peace triumph'd, and old Time return'd again.

Not far from that moſt celebrated Place,
Where angry Juſtice ſhews her awful Face;
Where little Villains muſt ſubmit to Fate,
That great ones may enjoy the World in ſtate;
There ſtands a Dome, majeſtick to the ſight,
And ſumptuous Arches bear its oval height;
A golden Globe plac'd high with artful skill,
Seems, to the diſtant ſight, a gilded Pill:

This Pile was by the pious Patron's aim,
Rais'd for a use as noble as its Frame;
Nor did the learn'd Society decline
The propagation of that great Design;
In all her mazes Nature's Face they view'd,
And as she disappear'd, they still pursu'd.
They find her dubious now, and then, as plain;
Here, she's too sparing, there profusely vain.
Now she unfolds the Saint, and dawning strife
Of infant Atoms kindling into life:
How ductile Matter new Meanders takes,
And slender trains of twisting Fibres makes.
And how the viscous seeks a closer tone,
By just degrees to harden into bone;
Whilst the more loose flow from the vital Urn,
And in full Tides of Purple Streams return;
How from each sluice a briny Torrent pours,
T' extinguish feavourish heats with ambient showrs;
Whence their mechanick pow'rs the Spirits claim,
How great their force, how delicate their Frame:

How

How the same Nerves are fashion'd to sustain
The greatest Pleasure and the greatest Pain,
Why bileous Juice a golden light puts on,
And floods of Chyle in silver Currents run,
How the dim speck of Entity began
T' extend its recent Form, and stretch to Man.
To how minute an Origin we owe
Young *Ammon*, *Cæsar*, and the Great *Nassau*,
Why paler looks impetuous rage proclaim,
And why chill Virgins redden into flame,
Why Envy oft transforms with wan disguise,
And why gay Mirth sits smiling in the Eyes,
All Ice why *Lucrece*, or *Sempronia*, fire,
Why S—— enrages to survive desire,
Whence *Milo*'s Vigour at th' *Olympicks* shown,
Whence tropes to *F—ch* or impudence to S——
Why *Atticus* polite, *Brutus* severe,
Why *Me——nd* muddy, *M——gue* why clear.
Hence 'tis we wait the wondrous Cause to find,
How Body acts upon impassive Mind.

How Fumes of Wine the thinking part can fire,
Past Hopes revive, and present Joys inspire:
Why our Complexions oft our Soul declare,
And how the Passions in the Features are.
How Touch and Harmony arise between
Corporeal Substances, and Things unseen.
With mighty Truths, mysterious to descry,
Which in the Womb of distant Causes lie.

But now those great Enquiries are no more,
And Faction Skulks, where Learning shone before:
The drooping Sciences neglected pine,
And *Pæans* Beams with fading lustre shine.
No Readers here with Hectick looks are found,
Or Eyes in rheum, thro' midnight watching drown'd:
The lonely Edifice in Sweats complains
That nothing there but empty Silence reigns.

This Place so fit for undisturb'd repose,
The God of Sloth for his *Asylum* chose.

Upon a Couch of Down in these Abodes
The careless Deity supinely nods.
His leaden Limbs at gentle ease are laid,
With *Poppys* and dull *Night-shade* o're him spread;
No Passions interrupt his easie reign,
No Problems puzzle his lethargick Brain.
But dull oblivion guards his peaceful Bed,
And lazy Fogs bedew his thoughtless Head.

As at full length the pamper'd Monarch lay,
Batt'ning in ease, and slumbring life away
A spightful noise his downy Chains unties,
Hastes forward, and encreases as it flies.

*The building of the Dispensory.*

Frst, some to cleave the stubborn Flint engage,
Till urg'd by blows, it sparkles into rage.
Some temper Lute, some spacious Vessels move;
These Furnaces erect, and Those approve.
Here Phyals in nice discipline are set,
There Gally-pots are rang'd in Alphabet.

In

In this place, Magazines of Pills you spy,
In that, like forrage, Herbs in bundles lye.
Whilst lifted Pestles, brandisht in the Air,
Descend in peals and civil Wars declare.
Loud stroaks, with pounding Spice, the Fabrick rend,
And aromatick Clouds in Spires ascend.
So when the *Cyclops* o're their Anvils swear,
And their swol'n Sinews ecchoing blows repeat,
From the *Vulcano*'s gross eruptions rise,
And, with curl'd sheets of smoak, obscure the Skies.

The slumbring God amaz'd at this new din,
Thrice strove to rise, and thrice sunk down agen.
Then, half erect, he rubb'd his opening Eyes,
And faulter'd thus betwixt half words and sighs.

How impotent a Deity am I!
With Godhead born, but curst, that cannot dye!
Thro' my indulgence 'tis, that Mortals share
A grateful negligence, and ease from Care.

Lull'd

Lull'd in my arms, how long have I with-held,
The *Northern* Monarchs from the dusty Field.
How have I kept the *British* Fleet at ease,
From tempting the rough dangers of the Seas.
*Hibernia* owns the mildness of my Reign,
And my Divinity's ador'd in *Spain*.
I Swains to Sylvan Solitudes convey,
Where stretch'd on Mossy Beds, they waste away,
In gentle inactivity, the day.
What marks of wondrous Clemency I've shown,
My bright and blooming Clergy hourly own.
Triumphant Plenty, with a chearful grace,
Basks in their Eyes, and sparkles in their Face.
How sleik their looks, how goodly is their Mien,
When big they strut behind a double Chin.
Each Faculty in blandishments they lull,
Aspiring to be venerably dull.
No learn'd Debates molest their downy Trance
Or discompose their pompous ignorance:

But undisturb'd, they loiture life away,
So wither Green, and blossom in decay.
Deep sunk in Down, they by my gentle Care
Avoid th' Inclemencies of Morning Air,
And leave to tatter'd Grapes the Drudgery of Pray'r.

Mankind my fond propitious Pow'r has try'd,
Too oft to own, too much to be deny'd.
And in return I ask but some recess,
T'enjoy th' entrancing Extasies of Peace.
But that, the Great *Nassau*'s heroick Arms
Has long prevented with his loud Alarms.
Still my indulgence with contempt he flies,
His Couch a Trench, his Canopy the Skies.
Nor Skies nor Seasons his resolves controul,
Th' *Æquator* has no heat, no Ice the *Pole*.
From Clime to Clime his wondrous Triumphs move,
And *Jove* grows jealous of his Realms above.

But

But as the slothful God to Yawn begun,
He shook off the dull Mist, and thus went on.

Sometimes among the *Caspian* Cliffs I creep,
Where solitary Batts, and Swallows sleep.
Or if some Cloyster's refuge I implore,
Where holy Drones o're dying Tapers snore;
Still *Nassau's* Arms a soft repose deny,
Keep me awake, and follow were I flie.

Now since he has vouchsaf'd the World a Peace,
And with a Nod has bid *Bellona* cease:
I sought the Covert of some peaceful Cell,
Where silent Shades in harmless raptures dwell;
That Rest might past Tranquility restore,
And Mortal never interrupt me more.

'Twas here, alas! I thought I might repose,
These Walls were that *Asylum* I had chose.

Nought underneath this Roof, but Damps are found,
Nought heard, but drowzy Beetles buzzing round.
Spread Cobwebs hide the Walls, and Duſt the Floors,
And midnight Silence guards the noiſeleſs Doors.
But now ſome buſie Wretch's feavouriſh Brain,
Invents new Fancies to renew my Pain,
And labours to diſſolve my eaſie Reign.

With that, the God his darling *Phantom* calls,
And from his fault'ring Lips this Meſſage falls.

Since Mortals will diſpute my Pow'r, I'le try
Who has the greateſt Empire, they or I.
Find Envy out, ſome Princes Court attend,
Moſt likely there, you'l meet the famiſh'd Fiend.
Or in Cabals, or Camps, or at the Bar,
Or where ill Poets Pennyleſs confer,
Or in the Senate-houſe at *Weſtminſter*.
Tell the bleak Fury what new Projects reign,
Among the Homicides of *Warwick-Lane*.

And

And what th' Event, unleſs her Care enclines,
To blaſt their Hopes, and baffle their Deſigns.

More He had ſpoke but ſudden Vapours riſe,
And with their ſilken Cords tye down his Eyes.

And what th' Event, unleſs her Care encline,
To bleſs their Loves, and baffle their Deſigns.

More He had ſpoke but ſudden Vapours rife,
And with their fullen Cords tye down his Eyes

# The Dispensary.

## CANTO II.

SOON as with gentle sighs the ev'ning Breeze
Begun to whisper through the murm'ring Trees;
And Night had wrap'd in Shades the Mountains Heads,
Whilst Winds lay hush'd in Subterranean Beds.
Officious *Phantom* did with speed prepare
To slide on tender Pinions through the Air.
He often sought the Summit of a Rock,
And oft the Hollow of some blasted Oak;
At length approaching where bleak Envy lay,
He found, by th' hissing of her Snakes, the way.

Beneath

Beneath the gloomy Covert of an Eugh
That taints the Graſs with ſickly ſweats of Dew;
No verdant Beauty entertains the ſight,
But baneful Hemlock, and cold Aconite;
There crawl'd the meagre Monſter on the ground,
And Breath'd a livid Peſtilence around:
A bald and bloted Toad-ſtool rais'd her Head;
And Plumes of boding Ravens were her Bed.
Down her wan Cheeks ſulphureous Torrents flow,
And her red haggard Eyes with Fury glow.
Like *Ætna* with Metallick ſtreams oppreſs'd,
She breaths a bleu Eruption from her Breaſt.
And rends with canker'd Teeth the pregnant Scrolls
Where Fame the Acts of Demy-Gods enrolls,
And as the rent Records in pieces fell,
Each Scrap did ſome immortal Action tell.
This ſhow'd, how fix'd as Fate *Torquatus* ſtood,
And That, the paſſage of the *Granick* Flood.

The

The *Julian* Eagles, here, their Wings display;
And there, all pale, th' expiring *Decii* lay.
This does *Camillus* as a God extol,
That points at *Manlius* in the Capitol.
How *Cocles* did the *Tyber's* Surges brave,
How *Curtius* plung'd into the gaping Grave.
Great *Cyrus*, here, the *Medes* and *Persians* joyn,
And, there, th' immortal Battel on the *Boyn*.

As th' airy Meſſenger the Fury ſpy'd,
A while his curdling Blood forgot to glide.
Confuſion on his fainting Vitals hung,
And fault'ring accents flutter'd on his Tongue.
At length aſſuming Courage, he eſſay'd
T' inform the Fiend, then ſhrunk into a ſhade.

The Hag lay long revolving what might be
The bleſt Event of ſuch an Embaſſy.
She blazons in dread Smiles her hideous Form,
So Light'ning guilds the unrelenting Storm.

Then

Then she, Alas! how long in vain have I
Aim'd at those noble ills the Fates deny?
Within this Isle for ever must I find
Disasters to distract my restless Mind.
Good *Te——ns* Celestial Piety
Has rais'd his Virtues to the Sacred See.
*So——rs* do's sickning Equity restore,
And helpless Orphans now need weep no more.
*Pm——ke* to *Britain* endless Blessings brings;
He spoke and Peace clap'd her Triumphant wings:
Unshaken is the Throne and safe its Lord,
Whilst *M——d* or *O——nd* wears a Sword.
The noble ardour of a Loyal Fire,
Inspires the generous breast of *De——re*.
Like *Leda*'s shining Sons, divinely clear,
*P——land* and *I——sey* deck'd in Rays appear
To Guild, by turns, the Gallick Hemisphear.
Worth in Distress is rais'd by *M——gue*,
*Augustus* listens if *Maecenas* sue.

And

And *V——ns* Vigilance no ſlumber takes,
Whilſt Faction peeps abroad, and Anarchy awakes.

*Since therefore* by no Arts I can defeat
The happy Enterprizes of the Great,
I'le calmly ſtoop to more inferiour things;
And try if my lov'd Snakes have Teeth or Stings.

She ſaid; and ſtraight ſhrill *Colon*'s Perſon took,
In Morals looſe, but moſt preciſe in look.
*Black-Fryar's* Annals lately pleas'd to call
Him Warden of *Apothecaries-Hall*.
And, when ſo dignifi'd, he'd not forbear
That Operation which the learn'd declare
Gives Collicks eaſe, and makes the Ladies Fair.
In vain Formality his Talent lies,
And th' empty Head's defects the Band ſupplies.
Hourly his learn'd Impertinence affords
A barren Superfluity of Words.

In haste he strides along to recompence
The want of bus'ness with its vain pretence.
The Fury thus assuming *Colon*'s grace,
So slung her Arms, so shuffl'd in her Pace.
Onward she hastens to the fam'd Abodes,
Where *Horoscope* invokes th' infernal Gods,
And reach'd the Mansion where the Vulgar run
T' increase their Ills, and throng to be undone.

This *Wight* all mercenary Projects trys,
And knows that to be rich is to be wise.
By useful Observations he can tell
The sacred Charms that in true Sterling dwell.
How Gold maks a Patrician of a Slave,
A Dwarf an *Atlas*, a *Thersites* brave.
It cancels all defects, and in their place
Finds Sense in ——, Charms in Lady *C——ee*.
It guides the fancy, and directs the mind,
No Bankrupt ever found a Fair one kind.

So

So truly *Horoscope* its Virtues knows,
To this bright Idol 'tis, alone, he bows;
And fancies that a Thousand Pound supplies
The want of twenty Thousand Qualities.
Long has he been of that amphibious Fry,
Bold to prescribe, and busie to apply.
His Shop the gazing Vulgar's Eyes employs
With forreign Trinkets, and domestick Toys.
Here, *Mummies* lay most reverendly stale,
And there, the *Tortois* hung her Coat o' Mail;
Not far from some huge *Shark*'s devouring Head,
The flying Fish their finny Pinions spread.
Aloft in rows large Poppy Heads were strung,
And near, a scaly Alligator hung.
In this place, Drugs in Musty heaps decay'd,
In that, dry'd Bladders, and drawn Teeth were laid.
An inner Room receives the numerous Herds
Of such as pay to be reputed Fools.
Globes [illegible] Globes, Volumns on Volumns lie,
And Plani[illegible]spheres amuse the Eye.

The Sage, in Velvet Chair, here lolls at ease,
To promise future Health for present Fees.
Then, as from *Tripod*, solemn shams reveals,
And what the Stars know nothing of, foretels.
One asks how soon *Panthea* may be won,
And longs to feel the Marriage Fetters on.
Others, convinc'd by Melancholy proof,
Wou'd know how soon kind Fates will strike 'em off.
Some, by what means they may redress the wrong,
When Fathers the Possession keep too long.
And some wou'd know the issue of their Cause,
And whether Gold can sodder up its flaws.
Poor pregnant *Laijs* his advice wou'd have,
To lose by Art what fruitful Nature gave:
And *Portia* old in expectation grown,
Laments her barren Curse, and begs a Son.
Whilst *Iris*, his cosmetick Wash, must try,
To make her Bloom revive, and Lovers dye.
Some ask for Charms, and others Philters [illegible]
To gain *Corinna*, and their Quartans [illegible]

Young

Young *Hylas*, botch'd with Scabs too foul to Name,
In Cradle here, renews his Youthful Frame:
Cloy'd with Desire, and surfeited with Charms,
A Hot-house he prefers to *Julia*'s arms.
And old *Lucullus* wou'd th' *Arcanum* prove,
Of kindling in cold Veins the Sparks of Love.

With pleasure those dull Frauds bleak Envy sees,
And wonders at the fruitless Mysteries.
In *Colon*'s Voice she thus calls out aloud
On *Horoscope* environ'd by the Crow'd.

Forbear, forbear, thy vain Amusements cease,
Thy *Wood-cocks* from their *Gins* a while release;
And to that dire Misfortune listen well,
Which thou shou'dst fear to know, or I to tell.
'Tis true, Thou ever wast esteem'd by me
The great *Acides* of our Company.
When we with Noble Scorn resolv'd to ease
Our selves of all Parochial Offices,

And

And to our Wealthier Patients left the care,
And draggl'd dignity of Scavenger;
Such Zeal in that affair thou dist express,
Nought cou'd be equal to't, but the Success.
Now call to mind thy generous Prowess past,
Be what thou shou'd'st, by thinking what thou wast.
The Faculty of *Warwick-Lane* design,
If not to Storm, at least to Undermine;
Their Gates each day ten thousand Night-caps crow'd,
And their attempts their Mortars speak aloud.
If they shou'd once unmasque our Mystery,
Each Nurse e're long wou'd be as learn'd as We;
Our Art expos'd to ev'ry Vulgar Eye,
And, none in Complaisance to us, would dye.
What if We claim their right to assassinate,
Must they needs turn *Apothecaries* straight?
Prevent it, Gods! all Stratagems we try,
To crowd with new Inhabitants your Skie.
'Tis we who wait the Destinies command,
To purge the troubl'd Air, and weed the Land.

And

And dare the *College* of *Physicians* aim
To equal our Fraternity in Fame?
*Crabs* Eyes as well with *Pearl* for use may try,
Or *Highgate Hill* with lofty *Pindus* vie?
So *Glow-worms* may compare with *Titan*'s Beams,
Or *Hare Court* Pump with *Aganippe*'s Streams.
Our Manufacture now they meanly sell,
And spightfully, th' intrinsick value tell:
Nay more, (but Heav'ns prevent) they'l force us soon,
To act with Conscience, and to be undone.

At this, fam'd *Horoscope* turn'd pale, and straight
In silence tumbl'd from his Chair of State.
The Crowd in great Confusion sought the Door,
And left the *Magus* fainting on the Floor.
Whilst in his Breast the Fury breath'd a Storm,
Then sought her Cell, and reassum'd her Form.
Thus from the Sore altho' the Insect flies,
It leaves a brood of Maggots in disguise.

Officious

Officious Squirt in haste forsook the Shop,
To succour the expiring *Horoscope*.
Oft he essay'd the *Magus* to restore,
By Salt of *Succinum*'s prevailing pow'r;
But still supine the solid Lumber lay,
An Image of scarce animated Clay;
Till Fates, indulgent when Disasters call,
Bethought th' Assistant of a Urinal,
Whose Steam the Wight no sooner did receive,
But rowz'd, and blest the Stale Restorative.
The Springs of Life their former Vigour feel,
Such Zeal he had for that vile Utensil.

So when *Pelides* did blue Thetis see,
He knew the Fishy smell, and own'd her Deity.

The

# The Dispensary.

## CANTO III.

ALL Night the Sage in pensive tumults lay,
Complaining of the slow approach of Day;
Oft turn'd him round, and strove to think no more,
Of what shrill *Colon* spoke the Day before.
*Cowslips* and *Poppies* o're his Eyes he spread,
And S——*nd*'s Works he laid beneath his Head.
But all those Opiats still in vain he tryes,
Sleep's gentle Image his embraces flies.
Tumultuous cares lay rowling in his Breast,
And thus his anxious thoughts the Sage expressd.

The Earth has rowl'd twelve annual turns, and more,
Since first high Heav'ns bright Orbs I've number'd o're.

Such my applause, so mighty my success,
I once thought my Predictions more than guess.
But, doubtful as I am, I'le entertain
This Faith, there can be no mistake in gain.
For the dull World most Honour pay to those
Who on their Understanding most impose.
First Man creates, and then he fears the Elf,
Thus others cheat him not, but he himself:
He loaths the Substance, and he loves the show;
'Tis hard e're to convince a Fool, He's so:
He hates Reallities, and hugs the Cheat,
And still the Pleasure lies in the deceit.
So Meteors flatter with a dazling Dye
Which no existence has, but in the Eye.
Prospects at distance please, but when we're near,
We find but desart Rocks, and fleeting Air.
From Stratagem, to Stratagem we run,
And he knows most, who least is undone.

Mankind one day ſerene and free appear;
The next, they're cloudy, ſullen, and ſevere.
New Paſſions, new Opinions ſtill excite,
And what they like at Noon, deſpiſe at Night:
They gain with labour, what they quit with eaſe,
And Health for want of Change grows a Diſeaſe.
Religion's bright Authority they dare,
And yet are Slaves to ſuperſtitious Fear.
They Counſel others, but themſelves deceive,
And tho' they're cozen'd ſtill, they ſtill believe.

Shall I then, who with penetrating ſight
Inſpect the Springs that guide each appetite;
Who with unfathom'd ſearches hourly pierce
The dark Receſſes of the Univerſe,
Be paſſive, whilſt the Faculty pretend
Our Charter with unhallow'd hands to rend?

If all the Fiends that in low darkness reign,
Be not the Fictions of a sickly Brain;
That Project, the *Dispensary*, they call,
Before the Moon can blunt her Horns, shall fall.

*Medicines made up there for the use of the Poor.*

With that a glance from mild *Aurora's* Eyes,
Shoots thro' the Crystal Kingdoms of the Skies;
The Savage Kind in Forests cease to roame,
And Sots o'recharg'd with nauseous Loads reel home.
Light's chearful smiles o're th' azure waste are spread,
And Miss from Inns o' Court bobs out unpaid.
The Sage transported at th' approaching hour,
Imperiously thrice thunder'd on the Floor;
Officious *Squirt* that moment had access,
His trust was great, his vigilance no less.
To him thus *Horoscope*:

My kind Companion in this dire affair,
Which is more light, since thou assum'st a share;



Fly

Fly with what haſt, thou us'd to do of old,
When *Clyſter* was in danger to be cold:
With expedition on the Beadle call
To ſummon all the Company to th' *Hall*.

Away the truſty Coadjutor hies,
Swift as from Phyal ſteam of *Hartshorn* flies.
The *Magus* in the int'rim mumbles o're
Vile terms of Art to ſome infernal Pow'r,
And draws myſterious Circles on the Floor.
But from the gloomy Vault no glaring Spright,
Aſcends to blaſt the tender bloom of Light.
No myſtick ſounds from *Hell's* deteſted Womb,
In dusky exhalations upwards come.
And now to raiſe an Altar He decrees,
To that devouring Harpy call'd *Diſeaſe*.
Then Flow'rs in Canifters he haſtes to bring,
The wither'd product of a blighted Spring,
With cold *Solanum* from the *Pontick* Shoar,
The Roots of *Mandrake* and black *Ellebore*.

And

And on the Structure next he heaps a load,
Of *Saſſafras* in chips and maſtick Wood.
Then from the Compter he takes down the File,
And with Preſcriptions lights the ſolemn Pyle.

Feebly the Flame's on clumſie Wings aſpire,
And ſmouldring Fogs of ſmoke benight the Fire.
With ſorrow he beheld the ſad portent,
Then to the Hag theſe Orisons he ſent.

Diſeaſe! thou eyed moſt propitious Pow'r,
Whoſe ſoft Indulgence we perceive each Hour;
Thou that would'ſt lay whole States and Regions waſte,
Sooner than we thy Cormorants ſhou'd faſt;
If, in return, all Diligence we pay
T' extend your Empire, and confirm your Sway,
Far as the weekly Bills can reach around,
From *Kent*-Street end to fam'd St. *Giles*'s Pound;
Behold this poor Libation with a Smile,
And let auſpicious Light break thro' the Pyle.

He spoke: and on the Pyramid he laid
Bay-Leaves and Vipers Hearts, and thus he said;
As *These* consume in this mysterious Fire,
So let the curs'd *Dispensary* expire;
And as *Those* crackle in the Flames and dye,
So let its Vessels burst, and Glasses flie.
But a sinister Cricket straight was hear'd,
The Altar fell, and th' Off'ring disappear'd.
As the fam'd Wight the Omen did regret,
*Squirt* brought the News the Company was met.

Nigh where *Fleet-Ditch* descends in sable Streams,
To wash his sooty *Naiads* in the *Thames*;
There stands a * Structure on a rising Hill, * *Apothecaries Hall.*
Where *Tyro's* take their Freedom out to kill.
Some Pictures in these dreadful Shambles tell,
How by the *Delian* God the *Pithon* fell;
And how *Medea* did the *Philter* brew,
That cou'd in *Æson's* Veins young force renew;

How

How sanguine Swains their Amorous Hours repent,
When Pleasure's past, and Pains are permanent;
And how frail Nymphs, oft by abortion aim
To lose a Substance, to preserve a Name.
Soon as each Member in his rank was plac'd,
Th' Assembly *Diasenna* thus address'd.

My kind Confederates, if my poor intent,
As 'tis sincere, had been but prevalent;
We'd met upon a more serene Design,
And on no other bus'ness but to dine;
The Faculty had still maintain'd their sway,
And int'rest had directed us t'obey;
Then we'd this only emulation known,
Who best cou'd fill his Purse, and thin the Town.
But now from gath'ring Clouds Destruction pours,
And threatens with mad rage our Halcyon Hours:
Mists from black Jealousies the Tempest form,
And late Divisions reinforce the Storm.

Know,

Know, when theſe Feuds, like thoſe at Law, are paſt,
The Winners will be Loſers at the laſt.
Like Heroes in Sea-Fights we ſeek Renown,
To Fire ſome hoſtile Ship, we Burn our own.
That Jugler which another's Slight will ſhow,
But teaches how the World his own may know.
Thrice happy were thoſe Golden days of old,
When dear as *Burgundy*, *Ptiſans* were ſold.
When Patients choſe to dye with better will,
Than live to pay th' *Apothecaries* Bill.
And cheaper, than for our aſſiſtance call,
Might yield to Fine for Sheriff Spring and Fall.
But now late Jars our practices detect,
For Mines, when once diſcover'd, loſe th' Effect.
Diſſentions, like ſmall Streams, are firſt begun,
Scarce ſeen they riſe, but gather as they run.
So Lines that from their Parallel decline,
More they advance, the more they ſtill diſ-joyn.
'Tis therefore my advice, in haſte we ſend,
And beg the Faculty to be our Friend.

As he revolving stood to speak the rest,
Rough *Colocynthis* thus his rage express'd.

Thou scandal of the mighty *Paeans* Art,
At thy approach, the Springs of Nature start,
The Nerves unbrace: Nay at the sight of thee
A Scratch turns Cancer, th' Itch a Leprosie.
Cou'd'st thou propose that we the Friends o' Fates,
Who fill *Church-yards*, and who unpeople States,
Who baffle Nature, and dispose of Lives,
Whilst *Russel*, as we please, or starves, or thrives;
Shou'd e're submit to their imperious Will,
Who out o' Consultation scarce can kill?
Th' aspiring *Alps* shall sooner sink to Vales,
And *Leaches*, in our Glasses, swell to *Whales*;
Or *Norwich* trade in Implements of Steel,
And *Bromingham* in Stuffs and Druggets deal:
The Sick to th' Hundreds sooner shall repair,
And change the *Gravel Pits* for *Essex* Air.

No,

No, no, the Faculty ſhall ſoon confeſs
Our Force encreaſes, as our Funds grow leſs;
And what requir'd ſuch Induſtry to raiſe,
We'll ſcatter into nothing as we pleaſe.
Thus they'l acknowledge to Annihilate,
Shows as immenſe a Power as to Create.
We'l raiſe our num'rous Cohorts, and oppoſe
The feeble Forces of our Pigmy Foes;
Whole Troops of Quacks ſhall joyn us on the Place,
From great *Kirleus*, down to *Doctor Caſe*.
Tho' Such vile Rubbiſh ſink, yet we ſhall riſe,
*Directors* ſtill ſecure the greateſt Prize.
Such poor Supports ſerve only like a ſtay,
The Tree once fix'd, its Reſt is torn away.
So Patriots, in the times of Peace and Eaſe,
Forget the Fury of the late Diſeaſe:
Imaginary Dangers they Create,
And loath th' *Elixir* which preſerv'd the State,
Arm therefore, gallant Friends, 'tis Honour's call,
Or let us boldly Fight, or bravely Fall.

To this the *Session* seem'd to give consent,
Much lik'd the War, but dreaded much th' Event.
At length, the growing diff'rence to compose,
Two Brothers nam'd *Ascarides* arose.
Both had the Volubility of Tongue,
In Meaning faint, but in Opinion strong.
To speak they both assum'd a like pretence,
But th' Elder gain'd his just preeminence;

Then he: 'Tis true when Priviledge and Right
Are once invaded, Honour bids us Fight.
But to the fatal Field before we fly,
We'll first reflect, and then consider why.
Suppose th' unthinking Faculty unvail,
What we, thro' wiser Conduct, wou'd conceal;
Is't Reason we shou'd quarrel with the Glass
That shows the monstrous Features of our Face?
Or grant some grave Pretenders have of late
Thought fit an Innovation to Create;

Soon they'l repent, what rashly they begun,
Tho' Projects please, Projectors are undone.
All Novelties must this success expect,
When good, our Envy; and when bad, neglect.
If things of Use were valu'd, there had been
Some Work-house, where the Monument is seen.
Or if the Voice of Reason cou'd be hear'd,
E're this, triumphal Arches had appear'd.
Then since no Veneration is allow'd,
Or to the real or th' appearing good;
The Project that we vainly apprehend,
Must, as it blindly rose, as vilely end.

Some Members of the Faculty there are,
Who Int'rest prudently to Oaths prefer.
Our Friendship with a servile air they court,
And their Clandestine Arts are our support.
Them we'l Consult about this Enterprise,
And boldly Execute what they Advise.

But from below (whilst such resolves they took)
Some *Aurum Fulminans* the * Fabrick shook.
The Champions daunted at the crack retreat,
Regard their Safety, and their Rage forget.

* The Roman Apothecaries meet in, or over the Laboratory.

So thus at *Bathos*, when the *Gyants* strove
T'invade the Skies, and wage a War with *Jove*;
Soon as the *Ass* of old *Silenus* bray'd,
The trembling Rebels in confusion fled.

The

# The Dispensary.

## CANTO IV.

NOT far from that most famous Theater,
Where wandring Punks each Night at five repair;
Where purple Emperors in Buskins tread,
And rule imaginary Worlds for Bread;
Where *Bently* by old Writers wealthy grew,
And *Briscoe* lately was undone by New:
There triumphs a *Physician* of Renown,
To scarce a Mortal, but Himself, unknown.
None e're was plac'd more luckily than He,
For th' exercise of such a Mystery.
When *Bu——s* deafens all the listning press,
With Peals of most seraphick Emptiness;

Or when Mysterious *F——n* mounts on high
To preach his Parish to a Lethargy:
This *Æsculapius* waits hard by to ease
The *Martyrs* of such Christian Cruelties.

Long has this happy Quarter of the Town,
For Lewdness, Wit, and Gallantry been known.
All Sorts meet here, of whatsoe're degree,
To blend and justle into Harmony.
The Politicians of *Parnassus* prate,
And Poets canvass the affairs of State;
The Cits ne're talk of Trade, and Stock, but tell
How *Virgil* writ, how bravely *Turnus* fell.
The Country Dames drive to *Hippolito*'s,
First find a Spark, and after lose a Nose.
The Lawyer for lac'd Coat the Robe does quit,
He grows a Mad-man, and then turns a Wit.
And in the Cloyster pensive *Strephon* waits,
Till *Chloe*'s Hackny comes, and then retreats.

And

And if th' ungenerous Nymph a Shaft lets flie
More fatally than from a ſparkling Eye,
*Mirmillo*, that fam'd *Opifer*, is nigh.
Th' *Apothecaries* thither throng to dine,
And want of Elbow-room's ſupply'd in Wine.
Cloy'd with Variety they ſurfeit there,
Whilſt the wan Patients on thin Gruel fare.
'Twas here the Champions o' th' Party met,
Of their Heroick Enterprize to treat.
Each Heroe a tremendous Air put on,
And ſtern *Mirmillo* in theſe Words begun.

'Tis with concern, my Friends, I meet you here;
No Grievance you can know, but I muſt ſhare.
'Tis plain, my Int'reſt you've advanc'd ſo long,
Each Fee, tho' I was mute, wou'd find a Tongue.
And in return, tho' I have ſtrove to rend
Thoſe Statutes, which on Oath I ſhould defend;
Yet that's a Trifle to a generous Mind,
Great Services, as great Returns ſhould find.

And you'l perceive, this Hand, when Glory calls,
Can brandiſh Arms, as well as Urinals.

*Oxford* and all her paſſing Bells can tell,
By this Right Arm, what mighty numbers fell.
Whilſt others meanly ask'd whole Months to ſlay,
I oft diſpatch'd the Patient in a Day:
With Pen in hand I puſh'd to that degree,
I ſcarce had left a Wretch to give a Fee.
Some fell by *Laudanum*, and ſome by *Steel*,
And Death in ambuſh lay in ev'ry Pill.
For ſave or ſlay, this Priviledge we claim,
Tho' Credit ſuffers, the Reward's the ſame.
What tho' the Art of Healing we pretend,
He that deſigns it leaſt, is moſt a Friend.
Into the right we err, and muſt confeſs,
To Overſights we often owe Succeſs.
Thus *Beſſus* got the Battel in the *Play*,
His glorious Cowardiſe reſtor'd the Day.
So the fam'd *Grecian* Piece ow'd its deſert
To Chance, and not the labour'd Stroaks of Art.

Phyſicians

Phyſicians, if they're wiſe, ſhou'd never think
Of any other Arms than Pen and Ink.
But th' Enemy, at their expence, ſhall find,
When Honour calls, I'll ſcorn to ſtay behind.

He ſaid; and Seal'd the Engagement with a Kiſs,
Which was return'd by th' Younger *Askaris*;
Who thus advanc'd; Each word, Sir, you impart
Has ſomething Killing in it, like your Art.
How much we to your boundleſs Friendſhip owe,
Our Files can ſpeak, and your Preſcriptions ſhow.
Your Ink deſcends in ſuch exceſſive Showrs,
'Tis plain, you can regard no Health but ours.
Whilſt Poor Pretenders trifle o're a Caſe,
You but appear, and give the *Coup de Grace*.
O that near *Xanthus* Banks you had but dwelt,
When *Ilium* firſt *Achaian* Fury felt,
The Flood had curs'd young *Peleus* Arm in vain,
For troubling his choak'd Streams with heaps of ſlain.

No Trophies you had left for *Greeks* to raiſe,
Their ten Years toil, you'd finiſh'd in ten Days.
Fate ſmiles on your Attemps, and when you liſt,
In vain the Cowards fly, or Brave reſiſt.
Then let us Arm, we need not fear Succeſs,
No labours are too hard for *Hercules*.
Our military Enſigns we'll diſplay;
Conqueſt purſues, where Courage leads the way.

To this Deſign fly *Querpo* did agree,
A worthleſs Member of the Faculty;
Drain'd from an *Elder*'s Loins with awkard guſt,
In Lees of Stale Hypocriſie and Luſt.
His Sire's pretended pious Steps he treads,
And where the Doctor fails, the Saint ſucceeds.
A Conventicle fleſh'd his greener Years,
And his full Age th' envenom'd Rancour ſhares.
Thus Boys hatch Game Eggs under Birds o' prey,
To make the Fowl more furious for the Fray.

Dull *Carus* next diſcover'd his intent,
With much adoe explaining what he meant.
His Spirits ſtagnate like *Cocitus*'s Flood,
And nought but Calentures can warm his Blood.
In his chill Veins the ſluggiſh Puddle flows,
And loads with lazy Fogs his ſable Brows.
The brainleſs Wretch claims a Preeminence
In ſetling Lunaticks, and helping Senſe.
So when Perfumes their fragrant Scent give o're,
Nought can their Odour, like a Jakes, reſtore.
When for Advice the vulgar throng, he's found
With lumber o' vile Books beſieg'd around.
The gazing Fry acknowledge their Surprize,
Conſulting leſs their Reaſon than their Eyes.
And He perceives it ſtands in greater ſtead,
To furniſh well his Claſſes, than his Head.
Thus a weak State, by wiſe Diſtruſt, enclines
To num'rous Stores, and Strength in Magazines.
So Fools are always moſt profuſe of Words,
And Cowards never fail of longeſt Swords.

Abandon'd

Abandon'd Authors here a Refuge meet,
And from the World, to Dust and Worms retreat.
Here Dregs and Sediment of Auctions reign,
Refuse of Fares, and Gleanings of *Duck-lane*;
And up these shelves, much *Gothick* Lumber climbs
With *Swiss* Philosophy, and *Danish* Rimes.
And hither, rescu'd from the *Grocers*, come
*M*——Works entire, and endless Rheams of *Bloom*.
Where wou'd the long neglected *C*——fly,
If bounteous *Canus* shou'd refuse to buy?
But each vile Scribler's happy on this score,
He'll find some *Canus* still to read him o're.

Nor must we the obsequious *Umbra* spare,
Who, soft by Nature, yet declar'd for War.
But when some Rival Pow'r invades on Right,
Flys set on Flys, and Turtles Turtles fight.
Else courteous *Umbra* to the last had been
Demurely meek, insipidly serene.

With

With Him, the preſent ſtill ſome Virtues have,
The Vain are ſprightly, and the Stupid, grave.
The Slothful, negligent; the Foppiſh neat;
The Lewd are airy, and the Sly diſcreet.
A Wren's an Eagle, a Baboon a Beau;
C——t a *Lycurgus*, and a *Phocion*, R——.

Heroick Ardour now th' Aſſembly warms,
Each Combatant breaths nothing but Alarms.
And whilſt the Scheme for future Glory's laid,
Fam'd *Horoſcope* thus offers to diſſwade.

Since of each Enterpriſe th' Event's unknown,
Let's quit the Sword, and hearken to the Gown.
Nigh lives *Vagellius*, one reputed long,
For Strength of Lungs, and Pliancy of Tongue.
Which way He pleaſes, he can mould a Cauſe,
The Worſt has Merits, and the Beſt has Flaws.
Five Guineas make a Criminal to Day,
And ten to Morrow wipe the Stain away.

What-

Whatever he affirms is undeny'd,
*Milo*'s the Lecher, *Clodius* th' Homicide.
*Cato* pernicious, *Cataline* a Saint,
*Or——rd* suspected, *D——comb* innocent.
Let's then to Law, for 'tis by Fate decreed,
*Vagellius*, and our Mony, shall succeed.
Know, when I first invok'd *Disease* by Charms
T'assist, and be propitious to our Arms;
Ill Omens did the Sacrifice attend,
Nor wou'd the *Sybil* from her *Grot* ascend.

As *Horoscope* urg'd farther to be heard,
He thus was interrupted by a *Bard*.

In vain your Magick Mysteries you use,
Such sounds the *Sybil*'s Sacred Ears abuse.
These Lines the pale Divinity shall raise,
Such is the Pow'r of Sound, and Force of Lays.

* *Arms meet with Arms, Fauchions with Fauchions clash,*
*And sparks of Fire struck out from Armour flash.*

* K. *Arth. p.* 307.

Thick

*Thick Clouds of Duſt contending Warriours raiſe,*
*And hideous War o're all the Region brays.*
* *Some raging ran with huge* Herculean *Clubs,* *K. *Ar. p.* 387
*Some maſſy Balls of Braſs, ſome mighty Tubs*
*Of Cynders bore.*——
* *Naked and half burnt Hulls, with hideous wreck,* **Ra. Ar. p.* 130.
*Affright the Skies, and fry the Oceans back,*

* *High Rocks of Snow, and ſailing Hills of Ice,* **Ra. Ar. p.* 136.
*Againſt each other with a mighty craſh,*
*Driven by the Winds, in rude rencounter daſh.*
* *Blood, Brains, and Limbs the higheſt Walls diſtain,* **K. Ar. p.* 182.
*And all around lay ſquallid Heaps of Slain.*

As he went rumbling on, the *Fury* ſtraight
Crawl'd in, her Limbs cou'd ſcarce ſupport her Weight.
A noyſom Rag her penſive Temples bound,
And faintly her parch'd Lips theſe Accents ſound.

Mortal, how dar'ſt thou with ſuch Lines addreſs
My awful Seat, and trouble my Receſs?

In *Essex* Marshy Hundreds is a Cell,
Where lazy Fogs, and drizling Vapours dwell:
Thither raw Damps on drooping Wings repair,
And shiv'ring Quartans shake the sickly Air.
There, when fatigu'd, some silent Hours I pass,
And substitute Physicians in my place.
Then dare not, for the future, once rehearse
Th' offensive Discord of such hideous Verse.
But in your Lines let Energy be found,
And learn to rise in Sense, and sink in Sound.
Harsh words, tho' pertinent, uncooth appear,
None please the Fancy, who offend the Ear.
In Sense and Numbers if you wou'd excel,
Read *W——y*, consider *D——den* well.
In one, what vigorous turns of Fancy shine,
In th' other, Syren warble in each Line.
If *D——sets* sprightly Muse but touch the Lyre,
The *Smiles* and *Graces* melt in soft desire,
And little *Loves* confess their amorous Fire.

The *Tyber* now no gentle *Gallus* ſees,
But ſmiling *Thames* enjoys his *N——bys*.
And gentle *Iſis* claims the Ivy Crown,
To bind th' immortal Brows of *A——ſon*.
As tuneful *C——greve* trys his rural Strains,
*Pan* quits the Woods, the liſtning Fawns the Plains,
And *Philomel*, in Notes like his, complains.
And *Britain*, ſince *Pauſanias* was writ,
Knows *Spartan* Virtue, and *Athenian* Wit.
When *St——ny* paints the Godlike Acts of Kings,
Or *P——r* ſome Facetious Fancy ſings:
The Banks of *Rhine* a pleas'd Attention ſhow,
And Silver *Sequana* forgets to flow.

Such juſt Examples carefully read o're,
Slide without falling, without ſtraining ſoar.
Oft tho' your Stroaks ſurprize, you ſhou'd not chooſe,
A Theme ſo mighty for a Virgin Muſe.
Long did *Apelles* his Fam'd Piece decline,
His *Alexander* was his laſt Deſign.

'Tis *M——gue's* rich Vein alone must prove,
None but a *Phidias* shou'd attempt a *Jove*.

She said; and as She vanish'd from their Sight,
She cry'd, to Arms; so left the Realms of Light.
The Combatants to th' Enterprize consent,
And the next day fmil'd on the great Event.

# The Diſpenſary.

## CANTO V.

When the ſtill Night, with peaceful Poppies crown'd,
Had ſpread her ſhady Pinions o're the Ground;
And ſlumbring Chiefs of painted Triumphs dream,
Whilſt Groves and Streams are the ſoft Virgin's Theme.
The Surges gently daſh againſt the Shoar,
Flocks quit the Plains, and Gally-Slaves the Oar.
Sleep ſhakes its downy Wings o're mortal Eyes,
*Mirmillo* is the only Wretch, it Flies.
He finds no reſpite from his anxious Grief,
Then ſeeks from this Soliloquy relief.

Long

Long have I reign'd unrival'd in the Town,
And great as my Ambition's my Renown.
There's none can dye with due Solemnity,
Unleſs his Paſs-port firſt be ſign'd by Me.
My arbitrary Bounty's undeny'd,
I give Reverſions, and for Heirs provide.
None cou'd the tedious Nuptial State ſupport;
But I, to make it eaſie, make it ſhort.
I ſet the diſcontented Matrons free,
And ranſom Husbands from Captivity.
And ſhall ſo uſeful a *Machin* as I
Engage in civil Broyls, I know not why?
No, I'll endeavour ſtrait a Peace, and ſo
I ſave my Honour, and my Perſon too.

But *Diſcord*, that ſtill haunts with hideous Mien
Thoſe dire Abodes where *Hymen* once has been,
O're-heard *Mirmillo* treasoning in his Bed;
Then raging inwardly the *Fury* ſaid.

Have

Have I ſo often baniſht lazy Peace
From her dark Solitude, and lov'd Receſs?
Have I made *S——th* and *S——lock* diſagree,
And puzzle Truth with learn'd Obſcurity?
And does my faithful *Fer——ſon* profeſs
His Ardour ſtill for Animoſities?
Have I, *Britannia*'s Safety to inſure,
Expos'd her naked, to be more ſecure?
Have I made Parties oppoſite, unite,
In monſtrous Leagues of amicable Spight.
T' embroyl their Country, whilſt the common Cry,
Is *Freedom*, but their Aim, the *Miniſtry*?
And ſhall a Daſtard's Cowardiſe prevent
The War ſo long I've labour'd to foment?
No, 'tis reſolv'd, he either ſhall comply,
Or I'll renounce my wan Divinity.

With that, the *Hag* approach'd *Mirmillo*'s Bed,
And taking *Querpo*'s meager Shape, She ſaid;

I come, altho' at Midnight, to diſpel,
Thoſe Tumults in your penſive Boſom dwell,
I dream't, but now, my Friend, that you were by,
Methought I ſaw your Tears, and heard you ſigh.
O that 'twere but a Dream! But ſure I find
Grief in your Looks, and Tempeſts in your Mind.
Speak, whence it is this late diſorder flows,
That ſhakes your Soul, and troubles your Repoſe.
Erroneous Practice ſcarce cou'd give you Pain,
Too well you know the Dead will ne're complain.

What Looks diſcover, ſaid the Homicide,
Wou'd be but too impertinent to hide.
My Stars direct me to decline the Fight;
The way to ſerve our Party, is to write.

How many, ſaid the Fury, had not ſplit
On Shelves ſo fatal, if they ne're had writ!
Had *C——b* printed nothing of his own,
He had not been the *S——fold* o' the Town.

Asses and Owls unseen themselves betray,
If These attempt to Hoot, or Those to Bray.
Had *We——y* never aim'd in Verse to please,
We had not rank'd him with our *Ogilbys*.
Still Censures will on dull Pretenders fall,
A *Codrus* shou'd expect a *Juvenal*.
Ill Lines, but like ill Paintings, are allow'd
To set off, and to recommend the good.
So *Diamonds* take a Lustre from their Foyle;
And to a *B——ly* 'tis, we owe a *B——le*.

Consider well the Talent you possess,
To strive to make it more, wou'd make it less;
And recollect what Gratitude is due,
To Those whose Party you abandon now.
To Them you owe your odd Magnificence,
But to your Stars your penury of Sense.
Hasp't in a Tombril, awkardly you've shin'd
With one fat Slave before, and none behind.

But ſoon, what They've exalted They'l diſcard,
And ſet up *Carus*, or the City *Bard*.

Alarm'd at this, the *Herve* Courage took,
And Storms of Terrour threaten'd in his Look.
My dread Reſolves, he cry'd, I'l ſtraight purſue,
The *Fury* ſmil'd, and ſullenly with-drew.

In omnious Dreams *Mirmillo* ſpent the Night,
And frightful Phantoms danc'd before his Sight.
At length gay Morn ſmiles in the Eaſtern Skie,
From rifling ſilent Graves the *Sextons* fly.
The riſing Miſts skud o're the dewy Lawns,
The *Chanter* at his early Matins yawns.
The *Violets* ope their Buds, *Cowſlips* their Bells,
And *Progne*, her Complaint of *Tereus*, tells.
As bold *Mirmillo* the gray dawn deſcries,
Arm'd *Cap-a-pe*, where Honour calls, he flies
And finds the Legions planted at their Poſt;
Where *Querpo* in his Armour ſhone the moſt.

His Shield was wrought, if we may credit Fame
By *Mulciber*, the Mayor of *Bremigham*.
A Folliage of diſſembl'd *Senna* Leaves,
Grav'd round its Brim, the wondring ſight deceives.
Emboſt upon its Feild, a Battel ſtood
Of *Leeches* ſpouting *Hemorrhoidal* Blood.
The Artiſt too expreſt the ſolemn ſtate
Of grave *Phyſicians* at a Conſult met;
About each Symptom how they Diſagree,
But how unanimous in caſe of Fee.
And whilſt one *Aſſaſſin* another plys,
With ſtarch'd Civilities, the Patient dyes.

Beneath this Blazing Orb bright *Querpo* ſhone,
Himſelf an *Atlas*, and his Sheild a Moon.
A Peſtle for his Truncheon led the Van,
And his high Helmet was a Cloſe ſtool-pan.
His Creſt an * *Ibis*, brandiſhing her Beak,
And winding in looſe Folds her ſpiral Neck.

* *This Bird, according to the Ancients, cleans it ſelf a Clyſter with its Beck.*

This, when the Young *Querpoides* beheld,
His Face in Nurse's Breast the Boy conceal'd.
Then peep't, and with th' effulgent Helm wou'd play,
But as the Monster gap'd, he'd shrink away.
Thus sometimes Joy prevail'd, and sometimes Fear,
And Tears and Smiles alternate Passions were.

But *Fame* that whispers each profound Design,
And tells the Consultations at the *Vine*.
And how at Church and Bar all gape and stretch,
If *Wi——ton* but plead, or *O——b* preach;
On nimble Wings to *Warwick-Lane* repairs,
And what the Enemy intends, declares.
Disorder'd Murmurs thro' the College pass,
And pale Confusion glares in ev'ry Face.
In haste a Council's call'd, th' Occasion's great,
And quick as Thought, the summon'd Members meet.
Loud *Stentor* to th' Assembly had Access,
None courted business more, or knew it less.

True to Extreams, yet to dull Forms a Slave,
He's always dully gay, or vainly grave.
With Indignation, and a daring Air,
He paus'd a-while, and thus addreſs'd the Chair.

*Machaon*, whoſe Experience we adore,
Great as your matchleſs Merits, is your Pow'r.
At your Approach, the baffl'd Tyrant Death,
Breaks his keen Shafts, and grinds his claſhing Teeth.
To you we leave the Conduct of the Day,
What you command, your Vaſſals muſt obey.
If this dread Enterprize you wou'd decline,
We'l ſend to treat, and ſtifle the Deſign.
But if my Arguments had force, we'd try
To ſcatter our audacious Foes, or dye.

What *Stentor* offer'd was by moſt approv'd,
But ſev'ral Voices ſeveral Methods mov'd.
At length th' adventrous *Heroes* all agree
T' expect the Foe, and act defenſively.

Into

Into the Shop their bold *Battallions* move,
And what their Chief commands, the reſt approve.
Down from the Walls they tear the Shelves in haſte,
Which, on their Flank, for Palliſades are plac'd.
And then, behind the Compter rang'd, they ſtand,
Their Front ſo well ſecur'd t' obey Command.

And now the Scouts the adverſe Hoſt deſcry,
Blew Aprons in the Air for Colours fly.
With unreſiſted Force they urge their Way,
And find the Foe embatteld in Array.
Then, from their level'd Syringes they pour
The liquid Volly of a miſſive Show'r.
Not Storms of Sleet, which o're the *Baltick* drive,
Puſh't on by *Northern* Guſts, ſuch Horrour give.
Like Spouts in *Southern* Seas the Deluge broke,
And Numbers ſunk beneath th' impetuous Stroak.
So when *Leviathans* Diſpute the Reign,
And uncontrol'd Dominion of the Main.

From

From the rent Rocks whole *Coral* Groves are torn,
And Isles of *Sea-weed* on the Waves are born.
Such watry Stores from their spread Nostrils fly,
'Tis doubtful, which is Sea, and which is Sky.

And now the stagg'ring *Braves*, led by Despair,
Advance, and to return the Charge prepare.
Each seizes for his Sheild, an ample *Scale*,
And the *Brass Weights* fly thick as showr's of Hail.
Whole heaps of Warriours welter on the Ground,
With Gally-Pots, and broken Phials crown'd,
And th' empty Vessels the Defeat resound.
Thus when some Storm its Chrystal Quarry rends,
And *Jove* in rattling Show'rs of *Ice* descends;
Mount *Athos* shakes the Forests on his Brow,
Whilst down his wounded Sides fresh Torrents flow,
And Leaves and Limbs of Trees o'respread the vale below.

But now, all Order lost, promiscuous Blows
Confus'dly fall; perplex'd the Battel grows.

From

From *Stentor*'s sinewy Arm an Opiate flys,
And straight a deadly Sleep clos'd *Cornu* Eyes.
*Chiron* hit *Siphilus* with *Calomel*,
And scaly Crusts from his maim'd Fore-head fell.
At *Colon* great *Japix Rhubarb* flung,
Who with fierce Gripes, like those of Death, was stung;
And with an angry and revengefull Mien
Hurl'd back Steel Pills, and hit Him on the Spleen.
*Scribonius* a vast *Eagle-stone* let fly
At *Pfylas*, but *Lacina* put it by.
And *Querpo*, warm'd with more than mortal Rage,
Sprung thro' the Battel, *Stentor* to engage.
Fierce was the Onset, the Dispute was great,
Both cou'd not vanquish, Neither wou'd retreat.
Each Combatant his Adversary mauls
With batter'd *Bed-pans*, and shav'd *Urinals*.
But as bold *Stentor*, eager of Renown,
Design'd a fatal Stroak, he tumbl'd down;
And whilst the Victor, hov'ring o're him stood,
With arms extended, thus the *Suppliant* su'd.

When

When Honour's loſt 'tis a relief to dye,
Death's but a ſure retreat from Infamy.
But to the loſt, if pity might be ſhown,
Think on *Querpoides* thy darling Son;
Mine's ſmall as He, juſt ſuch an infant Grace,
Sports in his Eyes and flatters in his Face.
If he was by, Compaſſion He'd create,
Or elſe lament his wretched Parent's fate.
Thine is the Glory, and the Field is thine;
To Thee the lov'd *Diſpenſary* I reſign.

The Chief at this the deadly Stroak declin'd,
And found Compaſſion pleading in his Mind.
But whilſt He view'd with pity the Diſtreſs'd,
He ſpy'd **Signetur* writ upon his Breaſt.
Then tow'rds the Skies He toſs'd his threat'ning Head,
And fir'd with mortal Indignation, ſaid;

* *Thoſe Members of the College that obſerve a late Statute, are call'd by the Apothecaries* Signetur Men.

Sooner than I'll from vow'd Revenge deſiſt,
His Holineſs ſhall turn a *Quietiſt*.

*La Chaise* shall with the *Jansenists* agree,
And th' Inquisition wink at Heresy,
Faith stand unmov'd thro' S—*fleet*'s Defence,
And *L*—*k* for Mystery abandon Sense.

With that, unsheathing an Incision Knife,
He offer'd at the prostrate *Stentor*'s Life.
But whilst his Thoughts that fatal Act decree,
*Apollo* interpos'd in form of Fee.
The Chief great *Pæan*'s golden Tresses knew,
He own'd the God, and his rais'd Arm withdrew.

Thus often at the *Temple-Stairs* we've seen
Two Tritons of a rough Athletick Mien,
Sowrly dispute some quarrel of the Flood,
With Knucles bruis'd, and Face besmear'd in blood.
But at the first appearance of a Fare
Both quit the Fray, and to their Oars repair.

The Hero thus his Enterprise recalls,
His Fist unclinches, and the Weapon falls.

The

# The Diſpenſary.

## CANTO VI.

WHilſt the ſhrill clangour of the Battel rings,
Auſpicious health appear'd on *Zephir*'s Wings;
She ſeem'd a Cherub moſt divinely bright,
More ſoft than Air, more gay than morning Light.
A Charm ſhe takes from each excelling Fair,
And borrows *C*——*ll*'s Shape, and *G*——*ton*'s Air.
Her Eyes like *R*——*agh*'s their Beams diſpence,
With *Ch*——*ill*'s Bloom, and *B*——*kley*'s Innocence.
From her bright Lips a vocal Muſick falls,
Whilſt to *Machaon* thus the Goddeſs calls.

Enough th' atchievement of your Arms you've ſhown,
You ſeek a Triumph you ſhou'd bluſh to own.
Haſt to th' *Elyſian* Fields, thoſe bleſs'd abodes,
Where *Harvy* ſits among the Demi-Gods.
Conſult that ſacred Sage, He'll ſoon diſcloſe
The method that muſt terminate theſe woes.
Let *Celſus* for that Enterprize prepare,
His conduct to the Shades ſhall be my care.

Aghaſt the Heroes ſtood diſſolv'd in fear,
A Form ſo heav'nly bright They cou'd not bear,
*Celſus* alone unmov'd, the Sight beheld,
The reſt in pale confuſion left the Field.

So when the Pigmies marſhal'd on the Plains,
Wage puny War againſt th' invading Cranes;
The Poppets to their bodkin Spears repair,
And ſcatter'd Feathers flutter in the Air.

But soon as e'r th' imperial Bird of Jove
Stoops on his sounding Pinions from above,
Among the Brakes the Fairy Nation crowds,
And the *Spintonian* Squadron seeks the Clouds.

And now the Delegate prepares to go
And view the Wonders of the Realms below;
Then takes *Amomum* for the Golden Bough.
Thrice did the Goddess with her Sacred Wand
The Pavement strike, and straight at her Command
Th' obedient Surface opens, and descries
A deep Descent that leads to nether Skies.
*Higeia* to the silent Region tends,
And with his Heav'nly Guide the *Charge* descends.

Within the Chambers of the Globe they spy
The Beds where sleeping Vegetables lie:
Till the glad Summons of a Genial Ray
Unbinds the Glebe, and calls them out to Day.

Hence

Hence *Pancies* trick themselves in various Hew,
And hence *Junquils* derive their fragrant Dew.
Hence the *Carnation*, and the bashful *Rose*
Their Virgin Blushes to the Morn disclose.
Hence Arbours are with twining Greens array'd.
T' oblige complaining Lovers with their Shade.
And hence on *Daphne's* verdant Temples grow
Immortal Wreaths, for *Phœbus* and *Nassau*.

The Insects here their lingring Trance survive;
Benumm'd they seem, and doubtful if alive.
From Winter's Fury hither they repair,
And stay for milder Skies and softer Air.
Down to these Cells obscener Reptils creep;
And there the *Nutes* and painted *Lizzards* sleep.
There shiv'ring *Snakes* the Summer Solstice wait;
Unfurl their painted Folds, and slide in State.

Now, these profounder Regions they explore,
Where Metals ripen in vast Cakes of Oar.

Here

Here, sullen to the [illegible] at large is spread
The dull unwieldy Mass of lumpish Lead.
There, glimm'ring in their dawning Beds, are seen
The more aspiring Seeds of sprightly Tin.
The Copper sparkles next in [illegible] Streaks;
And in the Gloom betrays its [illegible] Cheeks.
The Silver then, with bright [illegible] Grace,
Youth and a blooming Lustre in its Face,
To th' op'ning Arms of these luv'd Metals flyes;
And in the Folds of their Embraces lyes.
So close they cling, so stubbornly retire;
Their Love's [illegible] than the Chemist's Fire.

Near These the Delegate with Wonder spies
Where living Floods of Mere'ry serpentize;
Where richest Metals their bright Beams put on,
While Silver Streams thro' Golden Channels run.
Here he observes the [illegible]
Where wanton [illegible] sports in [illegible] Shells.

Some *Helicoeids*, ſome *Conical* appear,
Theſe, Miters emulate, Thoſe, Turbans are:
Here Marcaſites in various Figure wait,
To ripen to a true Metallick State:
Till Drops that from impending Rocks deſcend,
Their Subſtance petrifie, and Progreſs end.
Nigh, livid Seas of kindl'd Sulphur flow;
And, whilſt enrag'd, their Fiery Surges glow:
Convulſions in the lab'ring Mountains riſe,
And hurl their melted Vitals to the Skies.

He views with Horrot next the hoiſy Cave,
Where with hoars dinn th' impriſon'd Tempeſts rave:
Where Clam'rous Hurricanes attempt their Flight,
Or, whirling in tumultuous Eddies, fight.

And now the Goddeſs with her Charge deſcends,
Where ſcarce one cheerful Glimpſe their Steps befriends.
Here his forſaken Seat old *Chaos* keeps;
And undiſturb'd by Form, in Silence ſleeps.

A grisly Wight, and hideous to the Eye;
An awkard Lump of shapeless Anarchy.
With sordid Age his Features are defac'd;
His Lands unpeopl'd, and his Countries waste.
Here Lumber, undeserving Light, is kept,
And *P----p's* Bill to this dark Region's swept:
Where Mushroom Libels silently retire;
And, soon as born, with Decency expire.
Upon a Couch of *Fetr* in their Abodes,
Dull *Night*, his melancholy Comfort, nodds.
No Ways and Means their Cabinet employ;
But their dark Hours they waste in barren Joy.

Nigh this Recess, with Terror they survey,
Where *Death* maintains his dread tyrannick Sway!
I'th' middle of a dusky Cypress Grove,
Where *Goblins* frisk, and Airy Spectres rove,
Yawns a dark Cave most formidably wide;
And there the *Monarch's* Triumphs are descry'd.

Within its Dreadful Jaws those Furies wait,
Which execute the harsh Decrees of Fate.
*Febris* is first; The *Hagg* relentless hears
The Virgin's Sighs; and sees the Infant's Tears.
In her parch'd Eye-Balls fiery *Meteors* reign;
And restless Ferments revel in each Vein.
Then *Hydrops* next appears amongst the Throng;
Bloated, and big, she slowly sails along.
But, like a Miser, in Excess she's poor;
And pines for Thirst amidst her wat'ry Store.
Now loathsome *Lepra*, that offensive Spright,
With foul Eruptions stain'd, offends the Sight.
She's deaf to Beauty's soft persuading Pow'r:
Nor can bright *Hebe's* Charms her Bloom secure.
Whilst meagre * *Phthisis* gives a silent Blow; * Consumption.
Her Stroaks are sure; but her Advances slow.
No loud Alarms, nor fierce Assaults are shown;
She starves the *Fortress* first, then takes the *Town*.

Behind stood Crouds of much inferiour Name,
Too num'rous to repeat, too foul to name;
The Vassals of their Monarchs Tyranny,
Who, at his Nod, on fatal Errands fly.

Now *Celsus*, with his glorious Guide, invade
The silent Region of the fleeting Shades.
Where Rocks and ruful Desarts are descry'd;
And sullen *Styx* rolls down his lazy Tide.
Then shews the Ferry-man the Plant he bore,
And claims his Passage to the further Shore.
To whom the *Stygian Pilot* smiling said,
You need no Passport to demand our Aid.
*Physicians* never linger on this Strand:
Old *Charon* ne'er refuses their Command.
Our awful Monarch and his Consort owe
To them the peopl'ing of their Realms below.
Then in his swarthy Hand he grasp'd his Oar,
Receiv'd his Guests aboard, and shov'd from Shoar.

Now, as the Goddess and her Charge prepare
To breathe the Sweets of soft *Elysian* Air;
Upon the left they spy a pensive Shade,
Who on his bended Arm had rais'd his Head:
Pale Grief sate heavy on his careful Look:
To whom, not unconcern'd, thus *Celsus* spoke:

Tell me, Thou much afflicted Shade, why Sighs
Burst from your Breast, and Torrents from your Eyes:
And who those mangl'd *Manes* are which show
A sullen Satisfaction at your Woe?
Since, said the Ghost, with Pity you'll attend,
Know, I'm *Guiacum*, once your valu'd Friend.
And on this barren Beach in Discontent,
Am doom'd to stay till th' angry Pow'rs relent.
Those *Spectres* seam'd with Scarrs, that threaten there,
The Victims of my late ill Conduct are.
They vex with endless Clamours my Repose:
This wants his Palate; That demands his Nose.

And here they execute ſtern *Pluto*'s Will,
To ply me ev'ry moment with a Pill.

Then *Celſus* thus: O much-lamented Fate!
How moving's the Diſaſter you relate.
Methinks I recollect your former Air,
But ah, how much you're chang'd from what you were!
If Mortals e're the *Stygian* Power cou'd bend,
Entreaties to their awful Seats I'd ſend.
But ſince no human Arts the Fates diſſwade,
Direct me how to find bleſs'd *Harvy*'s Shade.
In vain th' unhappy Ghoſt ſtill urg'd his ſtay,
Then riſing from the ground, he ſhew'd the way.

Nigh the dull Shore a ſhapeleſs Mountain ſtood,
That with a dreadful frown ſurvey'd the Flood.
Its fearful Brow no lively Greens puts on,
No friſking Goats bound o'er the ridgy Stone.
To gain the Summit the bright Goddeſs try'd,
And *Celſus* follow'd, by degrees, his Guide.

Th'

Th' Ascent thus conquer'd, now They town on high,
And taste th' indulgence of a milder Sky.
Loose *Breezes* on their airy Pinions play,
And with refreshing Sweets perfume the way.
Cool streams thro' flowry Meadows gently glide,
And as They pass, their painted Banks they chide.
These blissful Plains no Blites, nor Mildews fear,
The Flowers ne'er fade, and Shrubs are Myrtles there.

The *Delegate* observes with wondring Eyes,
Ambrosial Dews descend, and Incense rise.
Then hastens onward to the pensive Grove,
The silent Mansion of disastrous Love.
No Winds but Sighs are there, no Floods but Tears,
Each conscious Tree a tragick Signal bears.
Their wounded Bark records some broken Vow,
And Willow Garlands hang on ev'ry Bough.

His Mistress here in solitude he found,
Her down-cast Eyes fix'd on the silent ground:

Her

Her Dreſs neglected, and unbound her Hair,
She ſeem'd the mournful image of Deſpair.
How lately did this celebrated *Thing*
Blaze in the Box, and ſparkle in the Ring,
Till the Green-ſickneſs and Love's force betray'd
To Death's remorſleſs arms th' unhappy Maid.

Cold and confus'd the guilty Lover ſtood,
The light forſook his Eyes, his Cheeks the Blood;
An icy horrour ſhiver'd in his Look,
Then ſoftly in theſe gentle words, He ſpoke:

Tell me, dear Shade, from whence ſuch anxious care
Your Looks diſorder'd and your Boſom bare?
Why thus you languiſh like a drooping Flow'r
Cruſh'd by the weight of ſome unfriendly ſhower.
Your pale Complexion your late Conduct tell,
O that inſtead of Trash you'd taken Steel.

Then

Then as he strove to clasp the fleeting *Fair*,
His empty Arms confess'd th' impassive Air.
From his Embrace the unbody'd Spectre flies,
And as she mov'd, she chid him with her Eyes.

They hasten now to that delightful Plain
Where the glad *Manes* of the Bless'd remain:
Where *Harry* gathers Simples to bestow
Immortal Youth on Hero's Shades below.
Soon as the bright *Higeia* was in view
The venerable Sage her Presence knew:
Thus He——

Hail blooming Goddess, Thou propitious Pow'r,
Whose Blessings mortals next to Life implore.
Such Graces in your heav'nly Eyes appear,
That Cottages are Courts when you are there.
Mankind, as you vouchsafe to smile or frown,
Finds ease in Chains, or anguish in a Crown.

With

With just resentments and contempt you see
The mean dissentions of the Faculty;
How sick'ning Physick hangs her pensive head,
And what was once a Science, now's a Trade.
Her Sons ne'er rifle her mysterious Store,
But, study Nature less, and Lucre more.

I shew'd of old, how Vital Currents glide,
And the Meanders of their refluent Tyde.
Then, *Willis*, why spontaneous Actions here,
And whence involuntary Motions, there:
And how the Spirits by mechanick Laws,
In wild Cariers, tumultuous Riots cause;
Nor wou'd our *Wharton*, *Bates* and *Gliſſon* lye
In the Abyſs of blind Obſcurity.
But now ſuch wondrous Searches are forborn,
And *Pæan*'s Art is by diviſions torn.
Then let your *Charge* attend, and I'll explain
How Physick her loſt Luſtre may regain.

He softens the harsh rigour of the Laws,
Blunts their keen Edge, and tears their harpy Claws;
And graciously he casts a pitying Eye
On the sad state of vertuous Poverty.
His Arguments are th' Emblems of his Mein,
Mild, but not faint, and forcing, tho' serene;
Here, Lightning strikes you, there, soft Breezes sigh.

To him you must your sickly state refer,
Your Charter claims Him as your Visitor.
Your Science to the height it had before.

Then *Nassau*'s Heart shall be [illegible] Arm,
His Life shou'd be immortal as his Name.
Some Princes claims from Devastation spring,
He condescends in pity to be King;
And when, amidst his *Olives* plac'd, He stands,
And governs more by Candour than Commands,
Ev'n then not less a Heroe he appears,
Than when his *Laurel* Diadem he wears.
Wou'd but *Apollo* some great Bard inspire
With sacred veh'mence of Poetick Fire;
To celebrate in Song that God-like Power,
Which did the labouring Universe restore.
Fair *Albian*'s Cliffs wou'd Eccho to the Strain,
And praise the Arm that Conquer'd to regain
The Earth's repose, and Empire o'er the Main.

Still may th' immortal Man his Cares repeat,
To make his Blessings endless as they're great:
Whilst *Malice* and *Ingratitude* confess,
They've strove for Ruine long without success.